

T W E L V E
New S O N G S,

WITH

A Thorow-Bass to each SONG,

Figur'd for the

Organ, Harpsichord, or Theorbo.

Chiefly to Encourage

William Pearson's New London Character.

COMPOS'D BY

Dr. Blow,	}	Mr. Daniel Purcell,
Dr. Turner,		Mr. John Barrett,
Mr. Nicola,		Mr. Williams,
Mr. Ralph Courtivill,		Mr. John Church,
Mr. Samuel Akeroyde,		AND
Mr. John Eccles,		Mr. William Crofts.

WITH

Two New Dialogues, Sett by Mr. JER. CLARK,
Sung in the last Revived Play,

CALL'D,

The Island Princess : Or, The Generous Portigueise.

Newly made into an OPERA.

L O N D O N :

Printed by, and for William Pearson next Door to the Hare and Feathers, in Alder-
Gate-street ; and Sold by Mr. Playford, at the Temple-Chamber, Fleetstreet ; Mr. Scott,
at the Middle Temple-Gate-Fleetstreet ; Mr. J. Hair Musical Instrument-maker at the
Golden Viol, in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and at his Shop in Freeman's Yard in Corn-
hill ; Mr. Hudgeburt at Mr. Rawlen's Shop near the Gray-Horse Tavern in the
Strand, near Chearing-Cross. 1699. Price one Shilling, Sixpence.

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MUSIC DIV.

TO ALL
Masters and Encouragers
OF
MUSIC.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU have been pleased to give this New Undertaking your Approbation, by the Favour of your Compositions; which (no doubt) will extend it self farther, by so many Eminent Judges. What I have to say to the rest of the World, is this: That the Charge of this New Character, will be much easier, than what is possible to be done on Copper; and I leave the Note next to the Masters Opinion, to speak for it self: And as this Noble Art is now more Flourishing than ever, and spreads it self into Foreign Parts from our Nation; yet, by the general false Writing, and the Dearness of Engraving, with the mean Collections of some others; the Honour of our *English* Composers is darkned: But, in you, Gentlemen, I hope, the Reputation of *English* Compositions, may, at least, give Place, to none, except *Italy*.

Gentlemen, Tho' I have not had the Opportunity to Communicate to each of you, your several Proofs, to Examine before they were work'd off; yet, by the Care I have taken, and having had your own Copies to go by, I make no doubt, but this Collection of your SONGS, will be as Correct as any yet Extant.

Your Humble Servant,

William Pearson.

TO ALL

WHICH ARE

M U L T I P L I C A T I O N

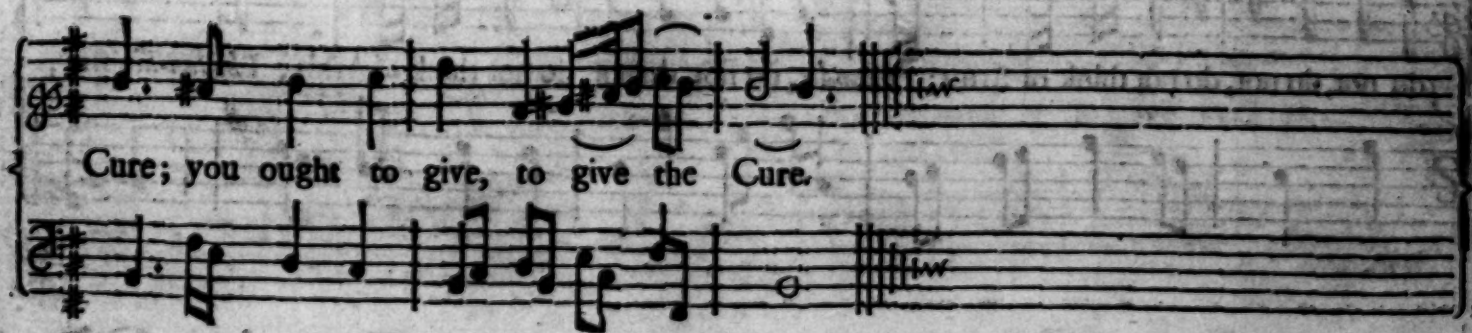
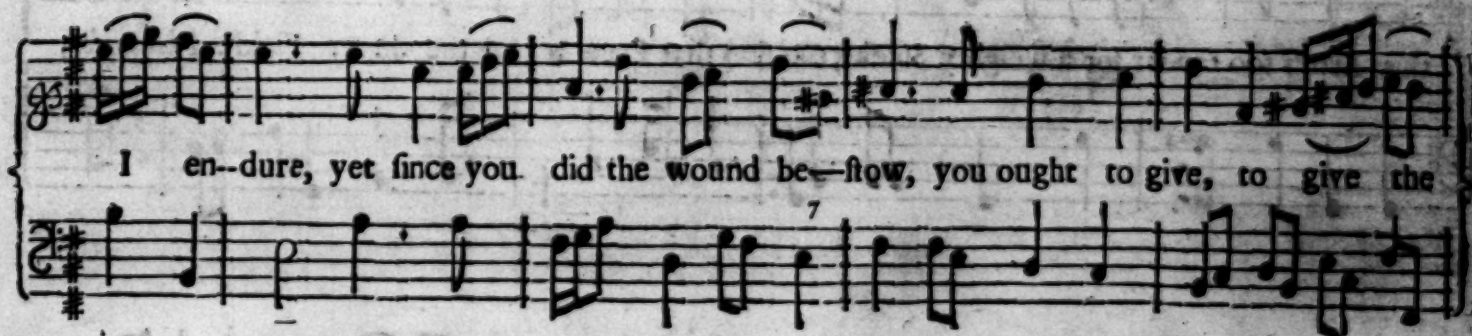
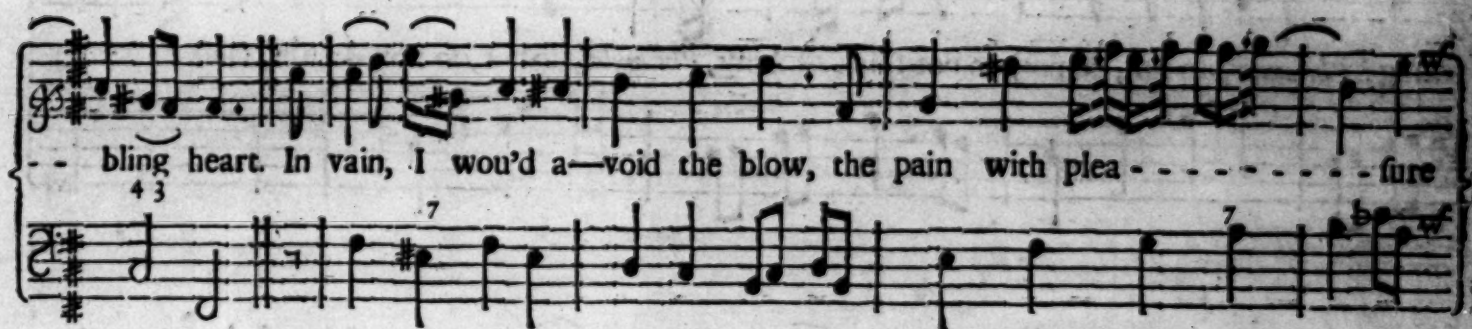
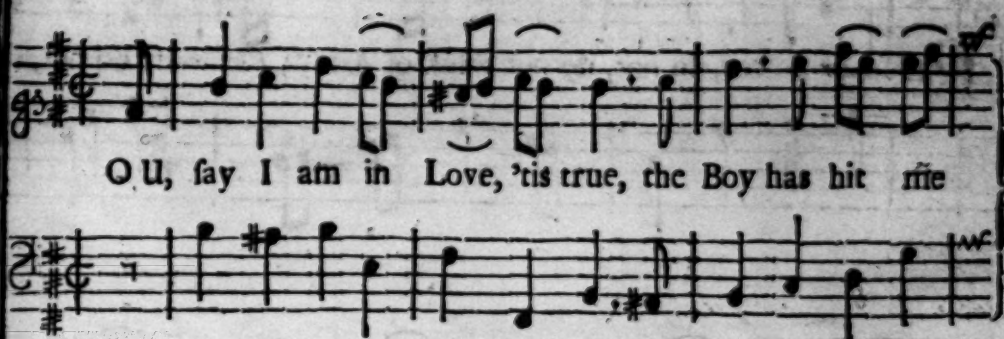
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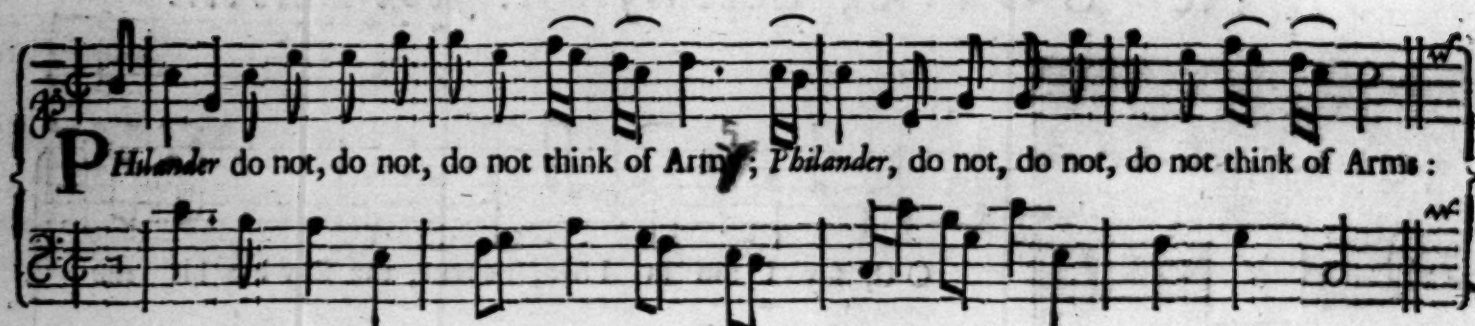
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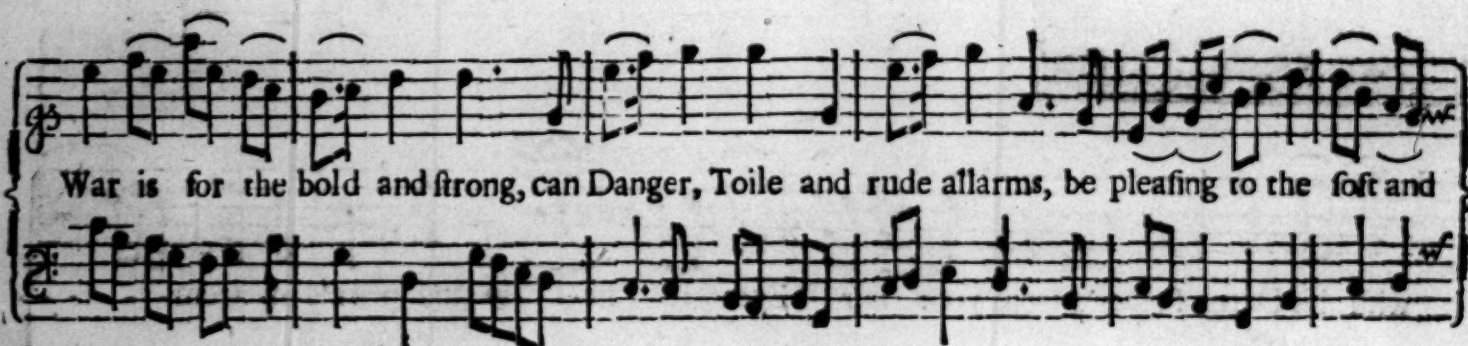
William Pearson

A New SONG, Sett by Mr. *John Barrett*.

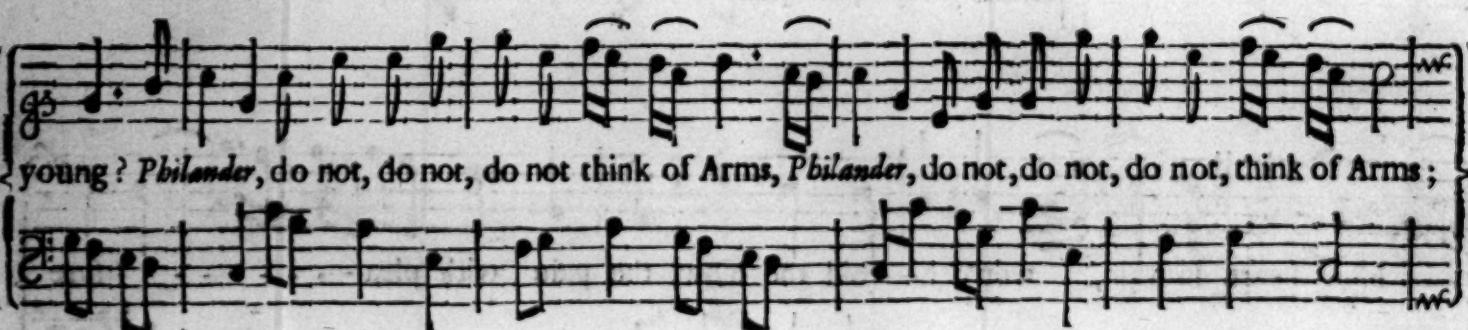
A SONG Sett to Musick, by Dr. John Blow.



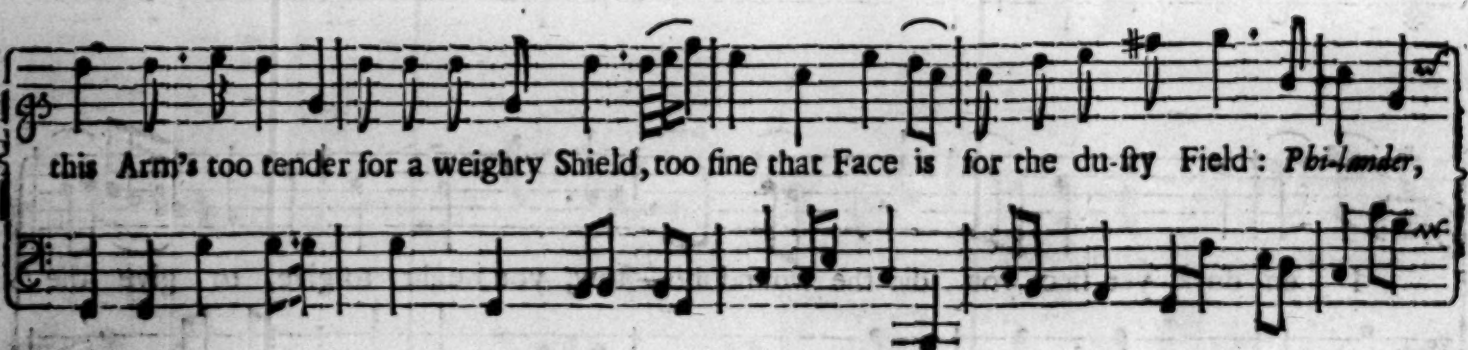
Philander do not, do not, do not think of Arms; *Philander*, do not, do not, do not think of Arms:



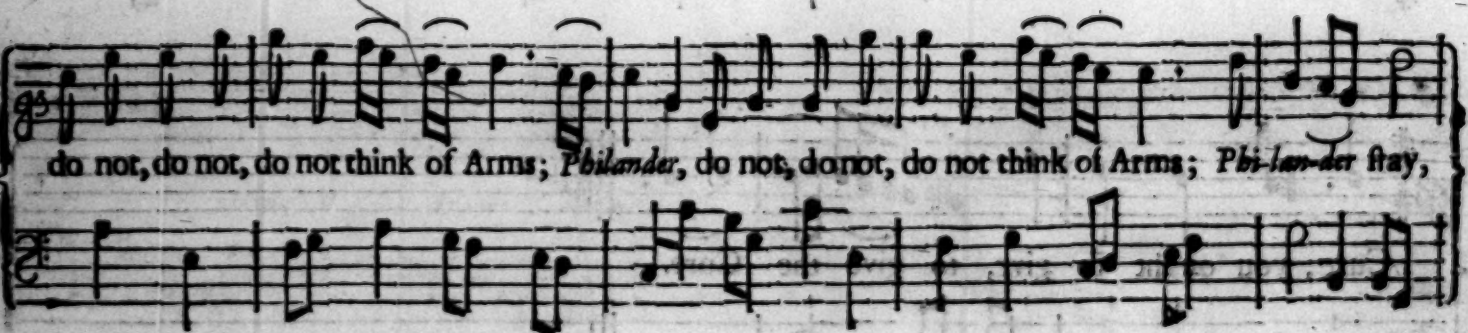
War is for the bold and strong, can Danger, Toile and rude allarms, be pleasing to the soft and



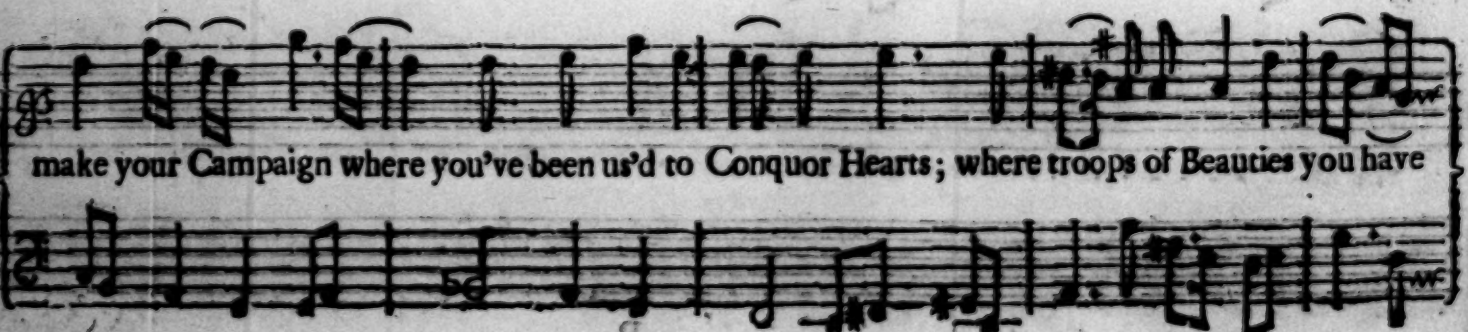
young? *Philander*, do not, do not, do not think of Arms, *Philander*, do not, do not, do not, think of Arms;



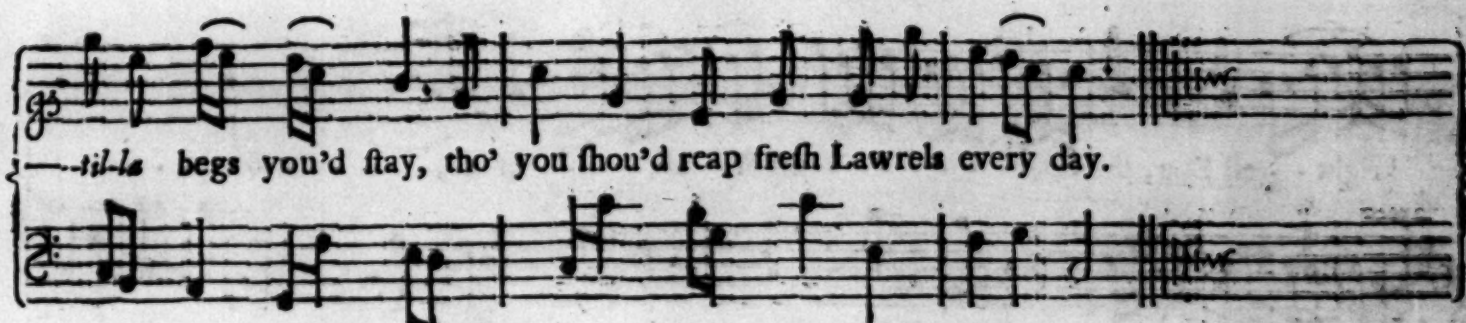
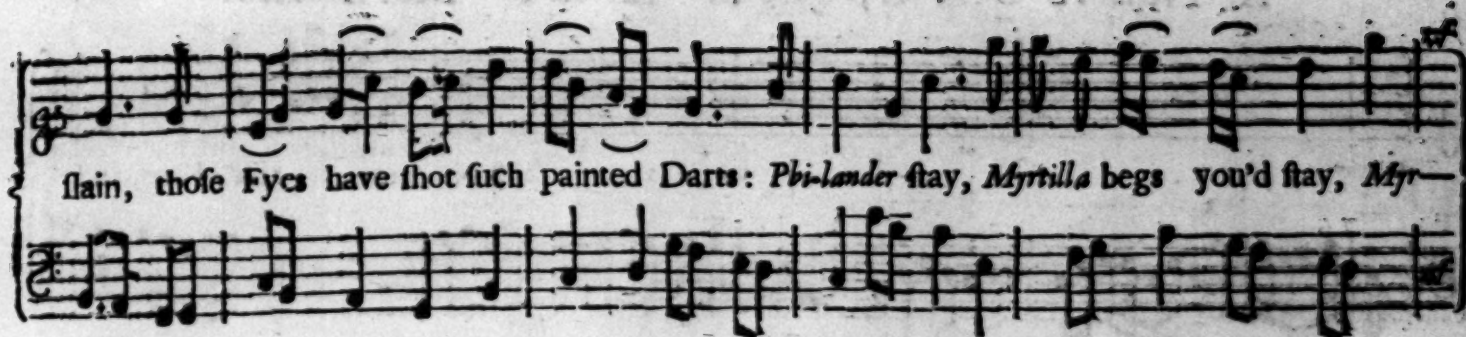
this Arm's too tender for a weighty Shield, too fine that Face is for the du-sty Field: *Pbi-lander*,



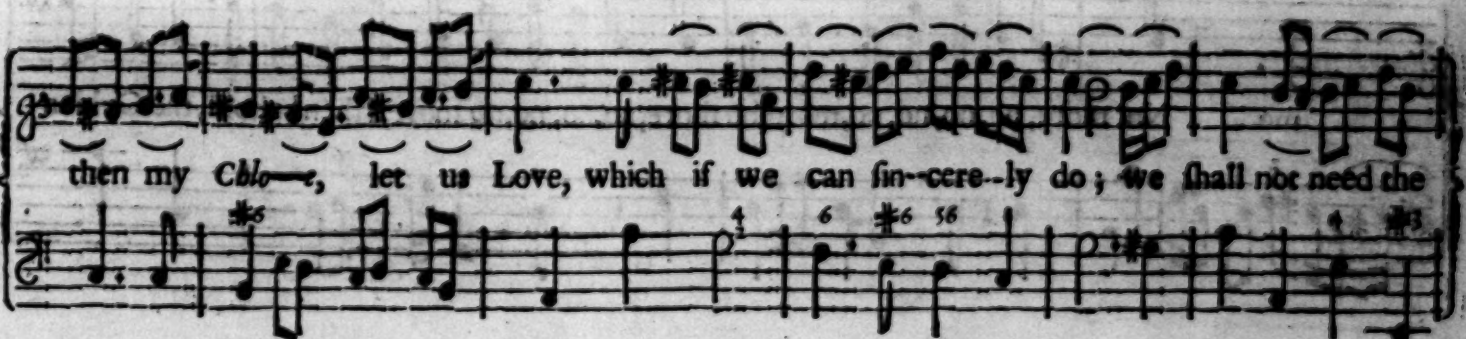
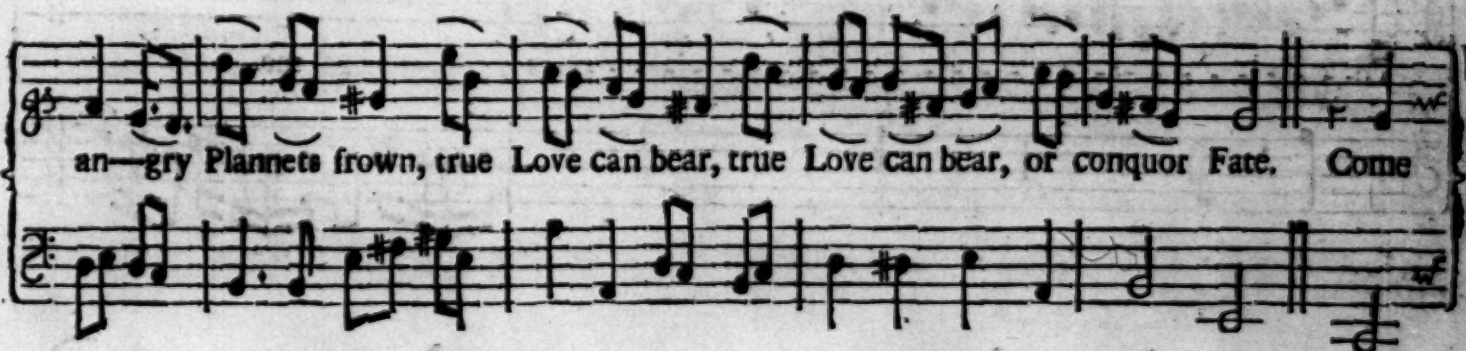
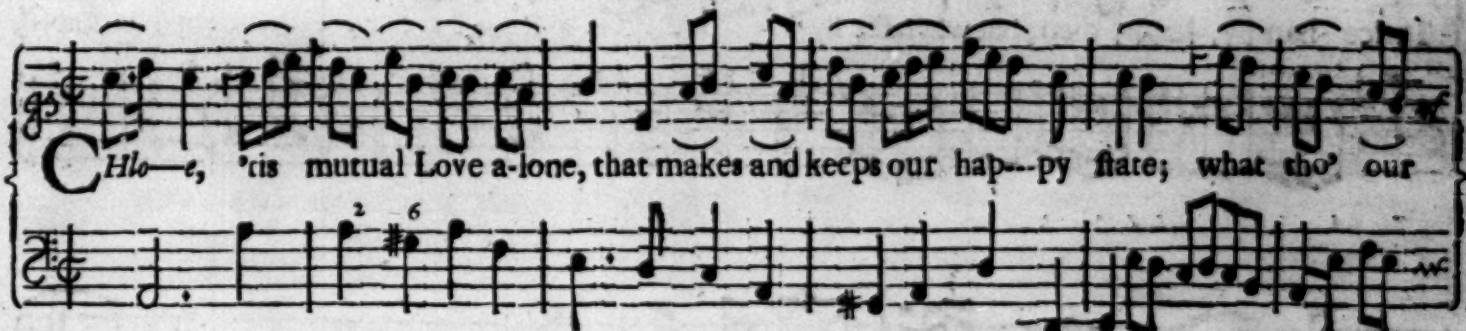
do not, do not, do not think of Arms; *Pbilander*, do not, do not, do not think of Arms; *Pbi-lander* stay,



make your Campaign where you've been us'd to Conquer Hearts; where troops of Beauties you have



A New SONG, Sett by Dr. *Turner*.



A New S O N G, Sett to Musick by Mr. Nicola.

I N Cyn - - thia's Face, and

bright - - est Eye, the Char - - - - - ms of all, - - - - of all, - - - - the World I see :

Thrice hap-py, happy then; but when she fly - - - - s E-ter - - - - nal darkness

co - - - - - vers me.

me. No more, no, no, no, no, more, no more, no, no, no, no more, I then behold, the Golden

Ray - - - - s of glimring light; my Ears grow deaf, my Blood grow col - - - - d, my

Day is tur- - - - - n'd to blackett Night.

SONG in *Rinaldo and Armida*, Sung by Mr. Gouge. Sett by Mr. John Eccles.

The Jolly, Jolly Breeze, that comes whistling through the Trees, from a - - - - - ll the

blissfull region brings Perfu- - - - - ms up-on its Spi-cy wings. -on its Spi-cy wings.

With its won- - - - - ton motion cur - ling, cur - ling,

cur - ling, cur - ling, curling, the crystal Rills, which down, do - - - wn, down, down, down the

Hills, ru - n, ru - n, ru - n, ru - n, ru - n, o'er Golden gravell purling. Purling

A New SONG Sett by Mr. Ralph Courtivill.

May Stre—phon live and hap—py be, may Stre—phon live and

hap—py be, from Vice and its attendance free;

may trou—ble, never, never never, never, never, never,

brea—k his rest, whilst Vir—tuous though—ts do fill his breast:

oh!—may he the—n, oh! may he then his truth pre—serve, still may he

Love, still may he Love, still may he Love; still, still, still may he Love and I,

and I de-serve. That Virtuons Love may once give Rules, Reclaiming leud and keeping Fools;

whilst our examples, whilst our examples, ful-ly ful-ly prove: that Sence and Honour, Sence and

Honour, Sence and Honour dwell with Love; and that in the State of for better for worfe, a

Man does not al-ways meet with a curse; and that in the State of for better for worfe a

Man does not allways meet with a curse.

Song Sett by Mr. *Williams*, and Sung by Miss *Bradshaw* in *York-Buildings*.

Must I a Gi-rl for e-ver be, will my Mother never, never, will my Mother never,

Brisk.

never, never, never, never Marry me? They tell me I'm Pritty, they tell me I'm Witty; but when I

tell her how I long, still she cryes, still she cryes, you are too young; still she cry's you're too

young, still she cryes you are too young: Well, tho' 'twould spoil my Shape, well, tho' 'twould

spoil my Shape and Groth, to be a Wife, to be a Wife I'd venture both; well, tho' 'twould spoil my

Shape, well, tho' 'twould spoil my Shape and Groth; to be a Wife, to be a Wife, to

be a Wife I'd venture both; to be a Wife I'd venture both, to be a Wife I'd venture both.

A New SONG, Sett by Mr. John Church.

He Nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind, no less than a Wonder, no less than a Wonder by

Nature design'd; she's the grief of my Heart and the joy of my Eye, and the

Cause of a Flame that ne-ver can dye: Her Mouth from whence Wit still ob-liging-ly flows, has the

beautifull Blush and the Smell of a Rose; Love and De-sti-ny both attend on her Will, she wounds

with a Look, with a Frown she can kill. The desperate Lover can hope no redress, when

Beau-ty and Rigour are both in ex-cels: In Sylvia they meet, so un-happy am

I, who sees her must Love, and who Loves her must dye.

D

A New SONG. Sett by Mr. Samuel Ackerojde.

I Lalely Vow'd but 'twas in haſt, that I no more wou'd Court, the Joys which ſeem, the Joys which

ſeem, when they are paſt, as dull, as dull, as they are ſhort. I oft to hate my Mi-ſtreſs

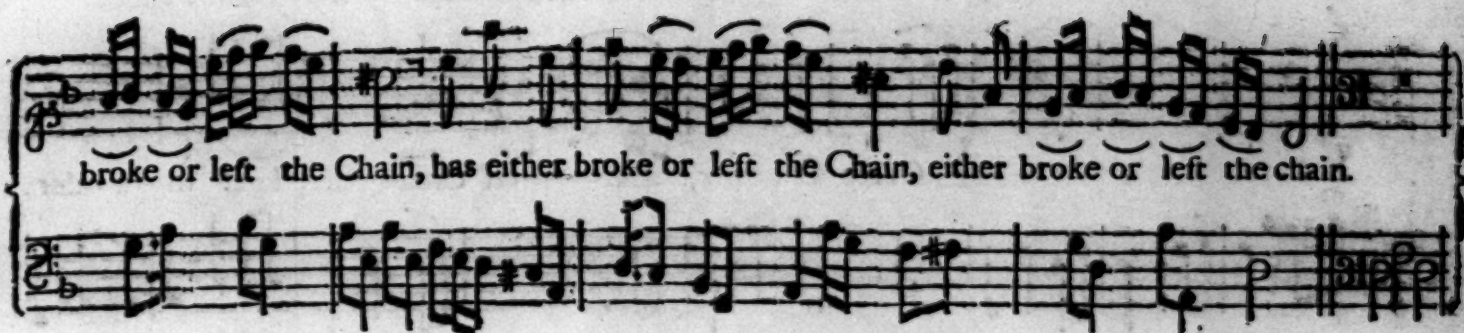
Swore, but ſoon, but ſoon, my weakneſs find, I make my Oaths when ſhe's fe-vere, and

brea-k'em, and brea-k'em, and break'em, when ſhe's kind.

A SONG Sett to Muſick by William Crofts.

I Is true my heart, my heart has gone aſtray, wound - - - ed, wound - - - ed:

I've ſometime Cap-tive bin, but ſtubborn to o-bey, but ſtubborn to o-bey; obey has either



broke or left the Chain, has either broke or left the Chain, either broke or left the chain.



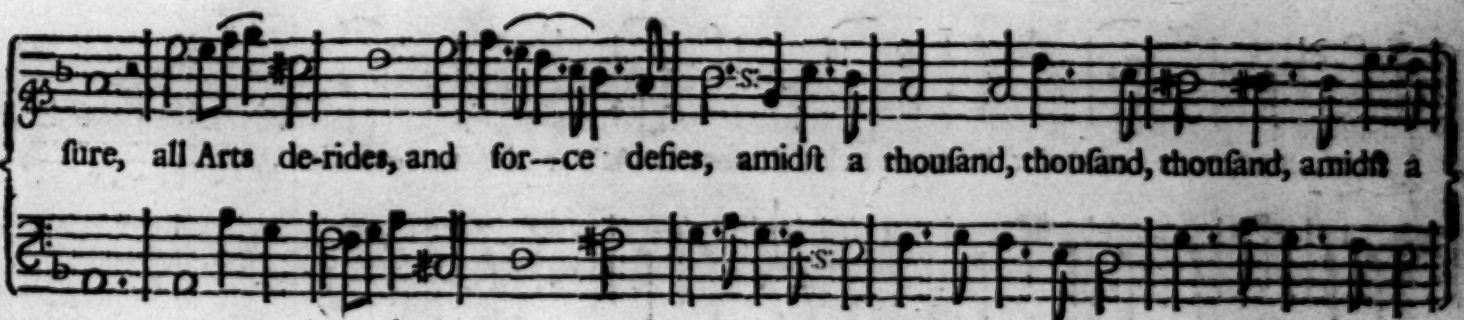
Till Love triumphant, Love, Love triumphant in your Eyes;



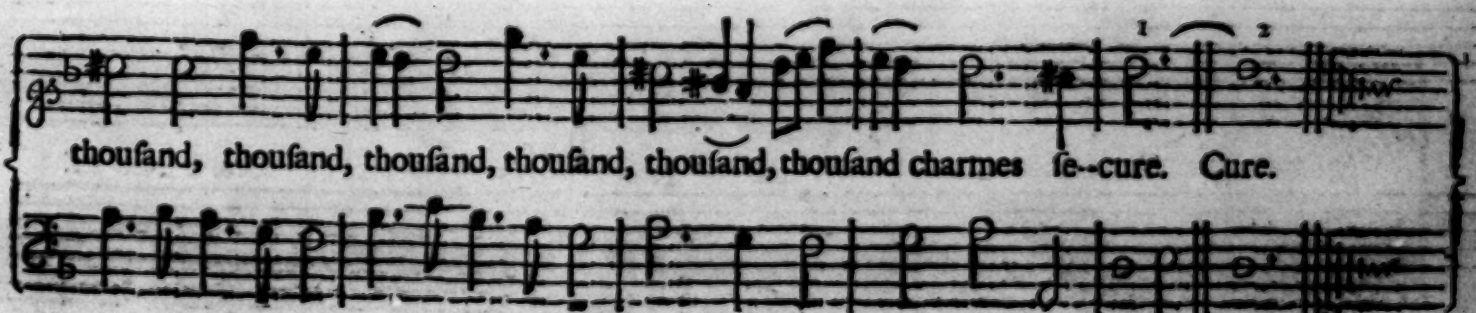
Till Love triumphant, Love, Love, Love, Love, Love triumphant in your Eyes;



has made the conquest sure, has made the conquest sure, the con - - - - - quest, the con-quest



sure, all Arts de-rides, and for--ce defies, amidst a thousand, thousand, thousand, amidst a



thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand, thousand charmes se-cure. Cure.

A New SONG, Sung in the last Reviv'd Play; call'd, *The Island Princess*:
or, *The Generous Portuguese*; made into an OPERA. Sett by Mr. Dan. Purcell.

S.
L Ovely Charmer, dear—est Crea—ture, kind In—va—der;

kind In—va—der of my Heart; Grac'd with ev—ry Gift of Na—ture, Grac'd with

ev—ry Help of Art. Art. Oh! oh! cou'd I but make thee Love me, as thy

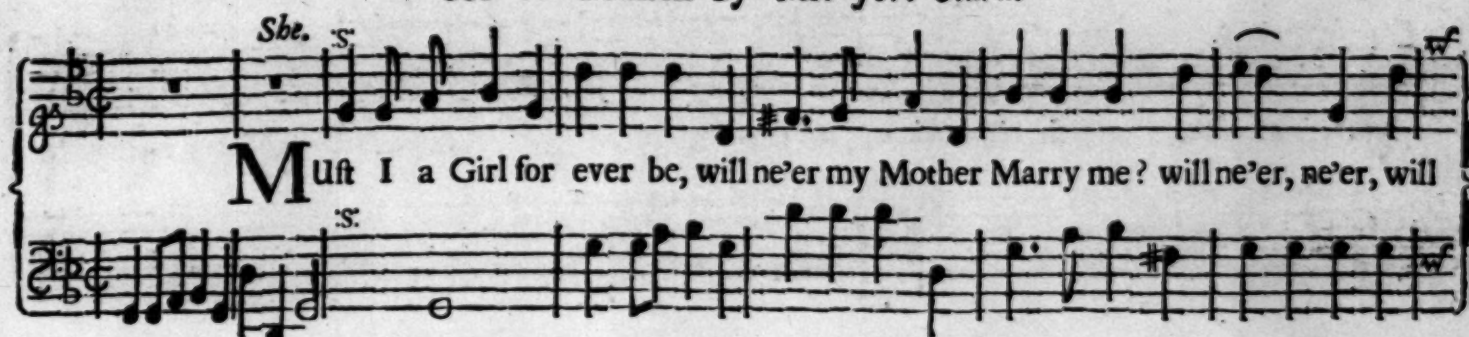
Char—ms my Heart have mov'd; none, none cou'd e'er be blest a-bove me;

none, none, none cou'd e'er be more belov'd; none cou'd e'er be more be-lov'd.

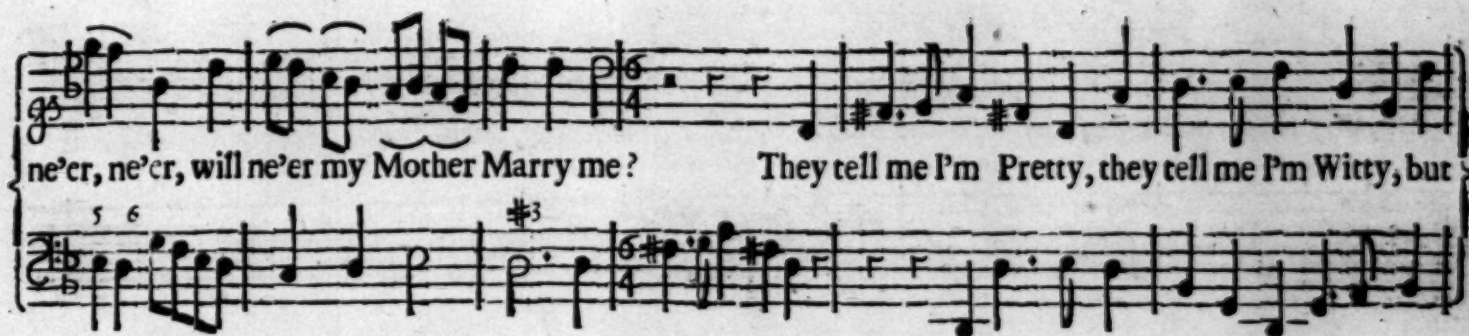
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A Dialogue between a Boy and Girl, in the last New OPERA.
Set to Musick by Mr. Jer. Clark.

Sbe. S.

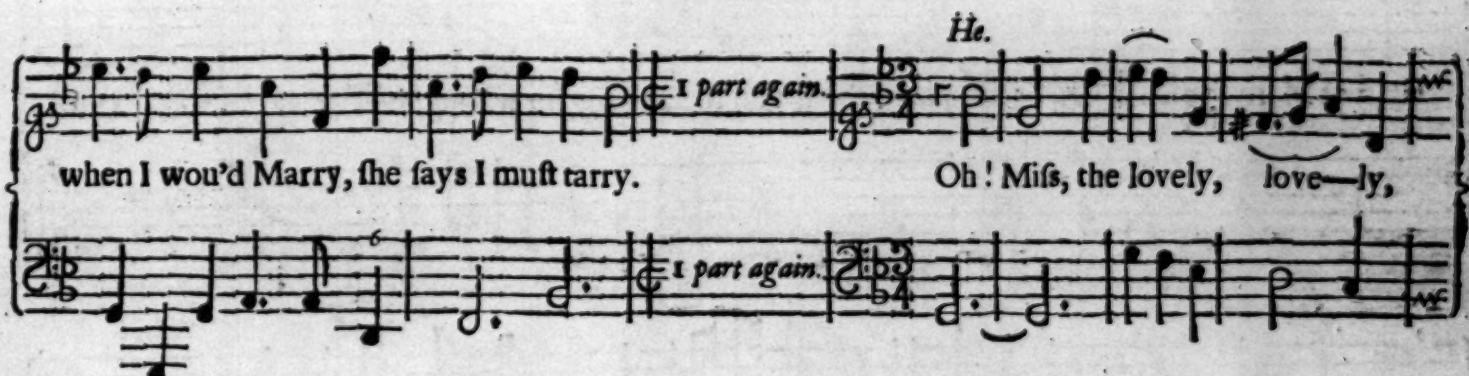


Must I a Girl for ever be, will ne'er my Mother Marry me? will ne'er, ne'er, will

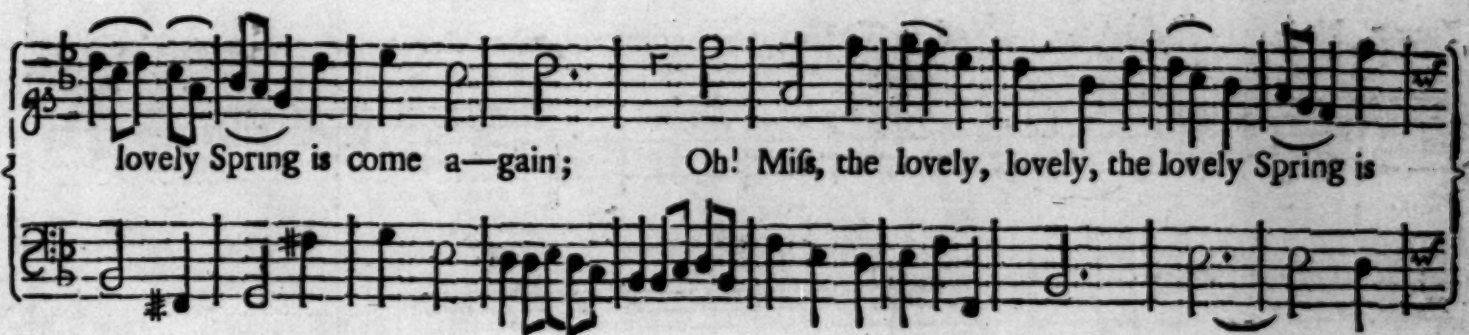


ne'er, ne'er, will ne'er my Mother Marry me? They tell me I'm Pretty, they tell me I'm Witty, but

He.



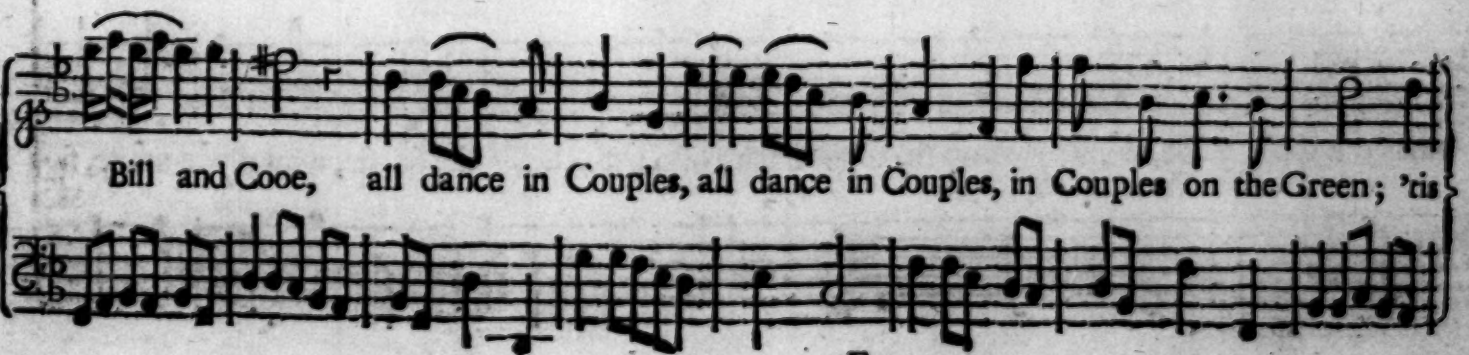
when I wou'd Marry, she says I must tarry. Oh! Miss, the lovely, love-ly,



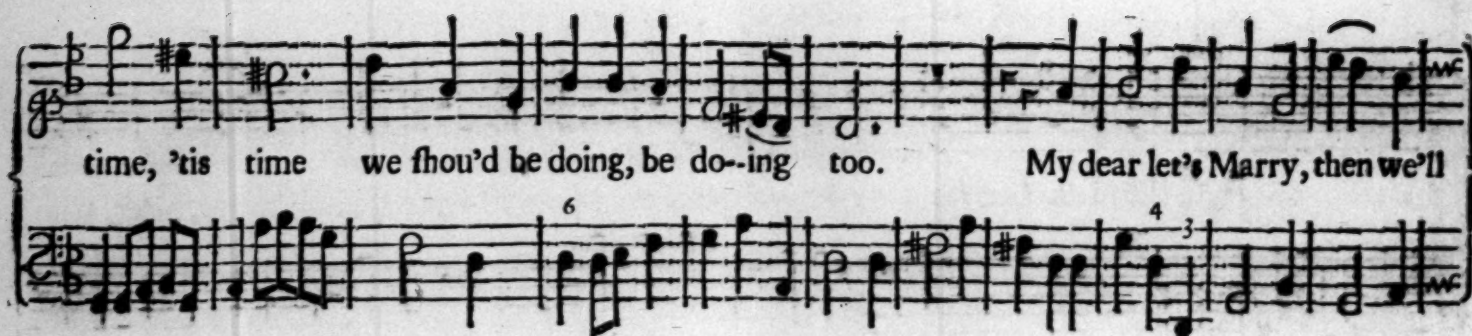
lovely Spring is come a-gain; Oh! Miss, the lovely, lovely, the lovely Spring is



come a-gain; The pretty, pretty Birds Sing, The pretty, pretty Birds Sing,



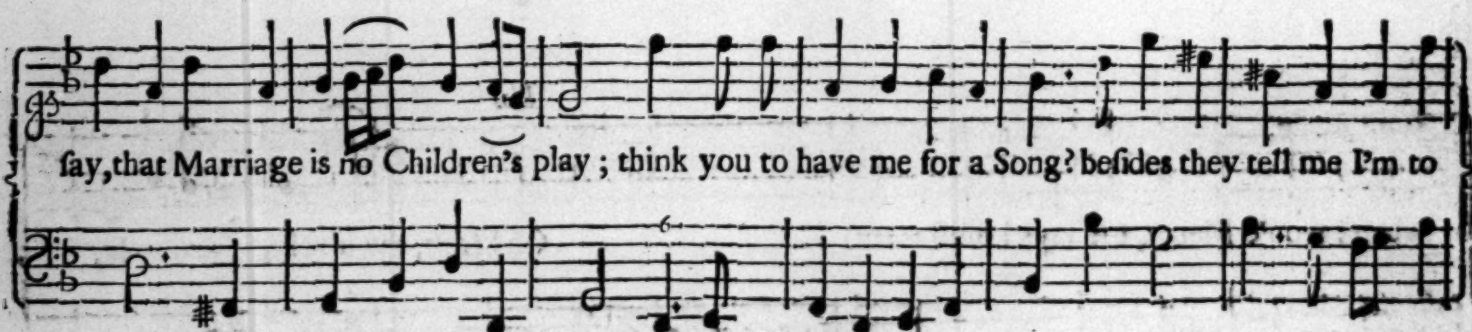
Bill and Cooe, all dance in Couples, all dance in Couples, in Couples on the Green; 'tis



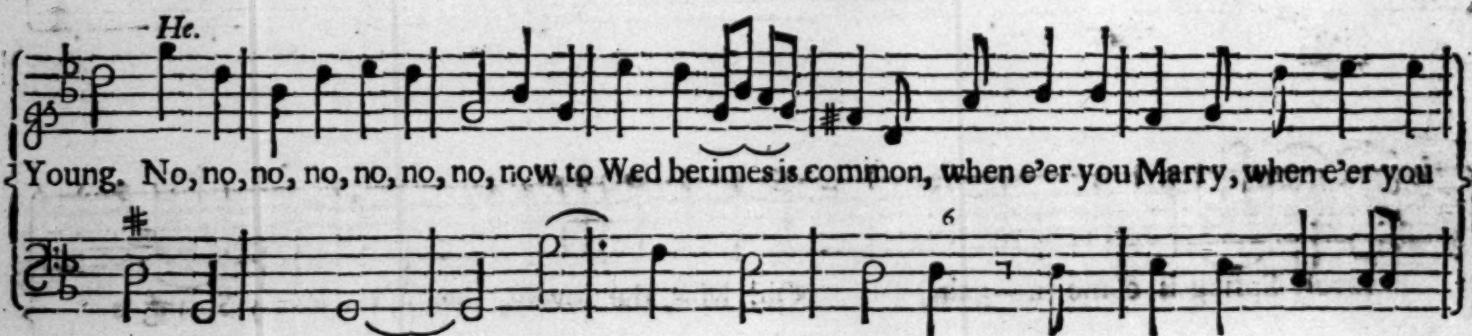
time, 'tis time we shou'd be doing, be do-ing too. My dear let's Marry, then we'll



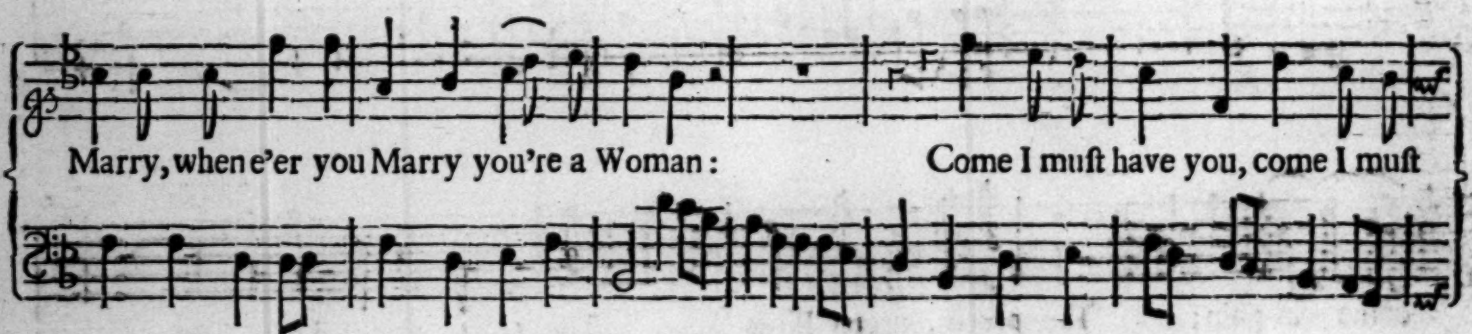
She.
try, why Men and Maids, why Men and Maids together lie. Peace, peace naughty thing, I hear'd one



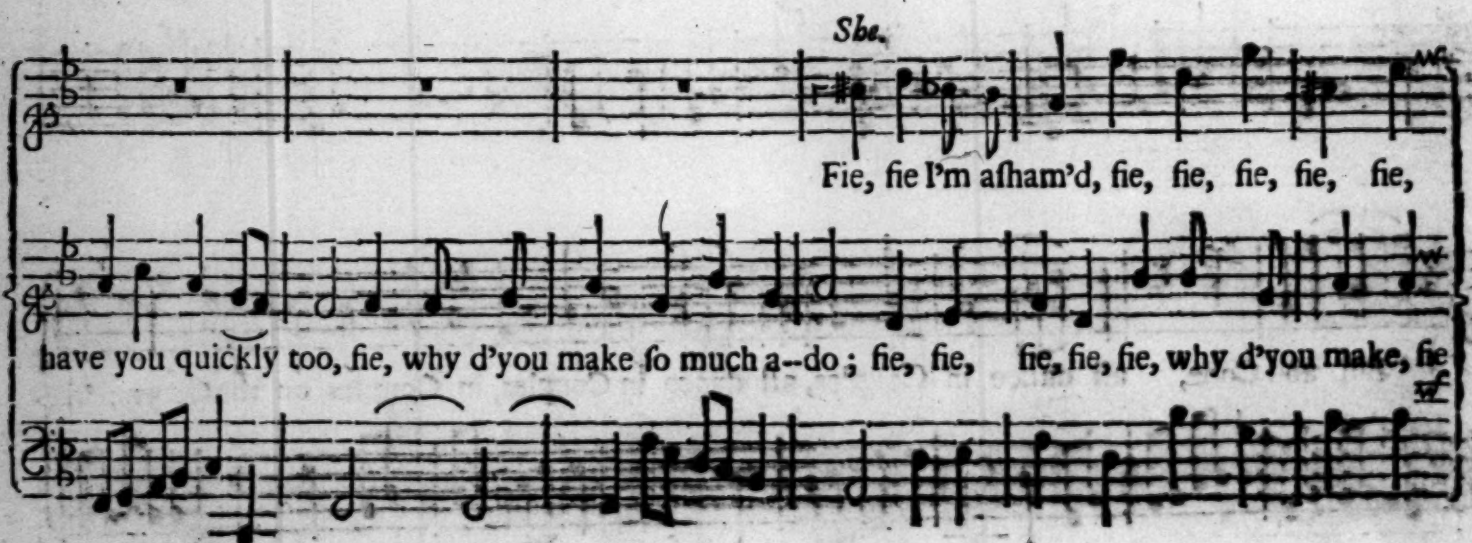
say, that Marriage is no Children's play ; think you to have me for a Song? besides they tell me I'm to



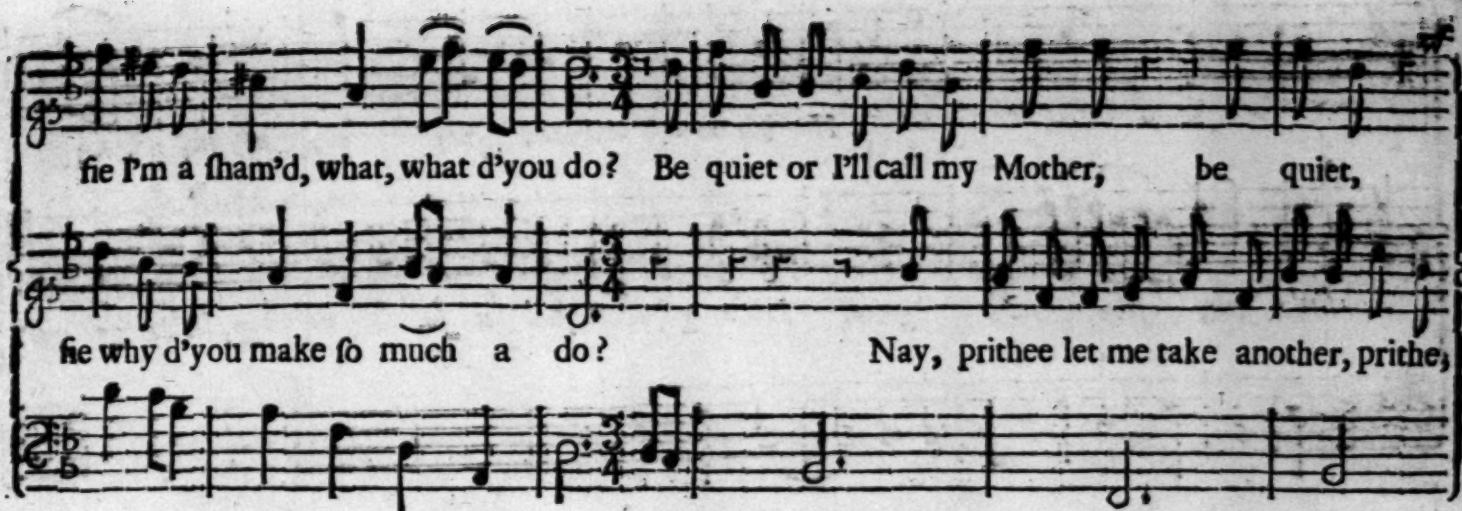
He.
Young. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, now to Wed betimes is common, when e'er you Marry, when e'er you



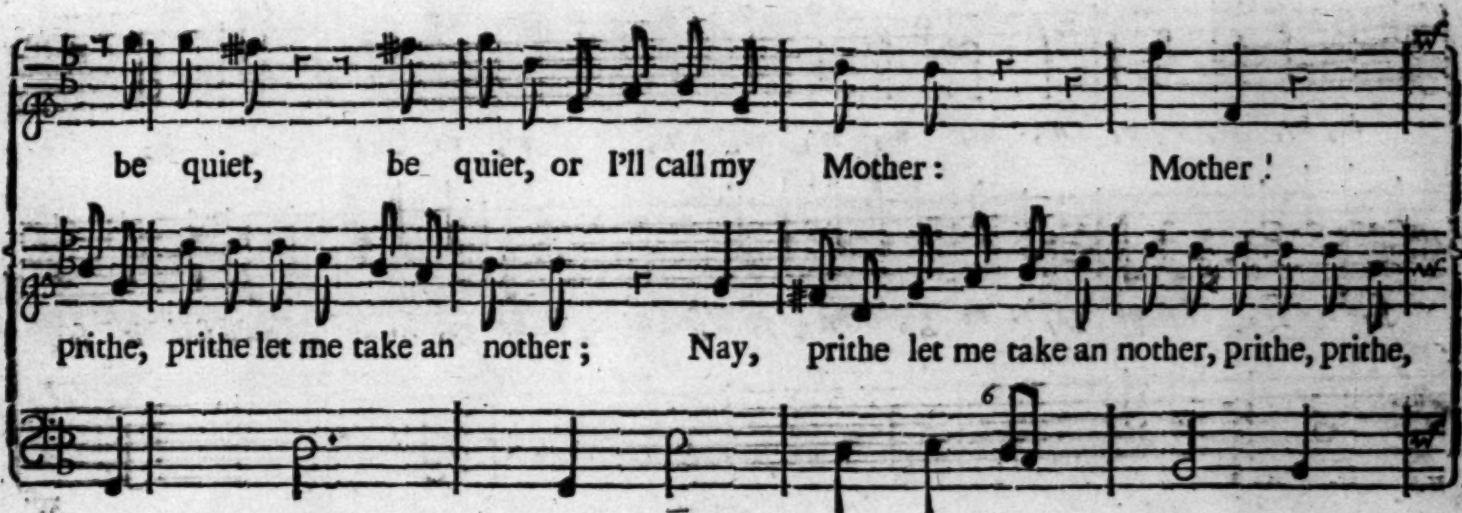
Marry, when e'er you Marry you're a Woman : Come I must have you, come I must



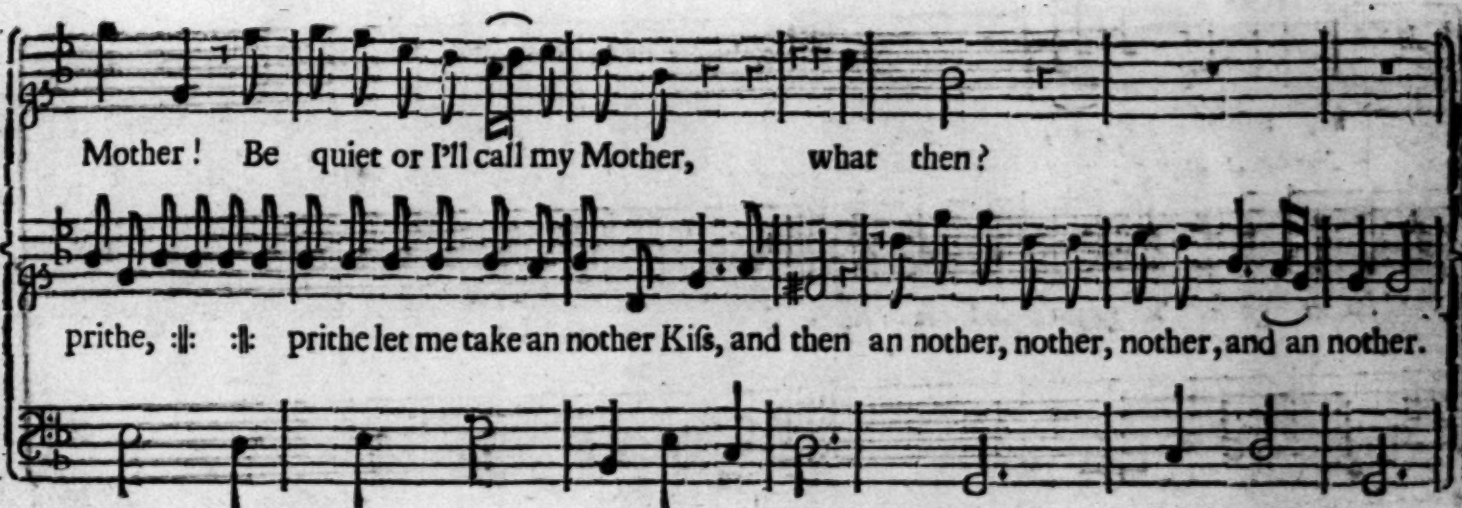
She.
Fie, fie I'm asham'd, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie,
have you quickly too, fie, why d'you make so much a--do ; fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, why d'you make, fie



fie I'm a sham'd, what, what d'you do? Be quiet or I'll call my Mother, be quiet,
 fie why d'you make so much a do? Nay, prithee let me take another, prithee,

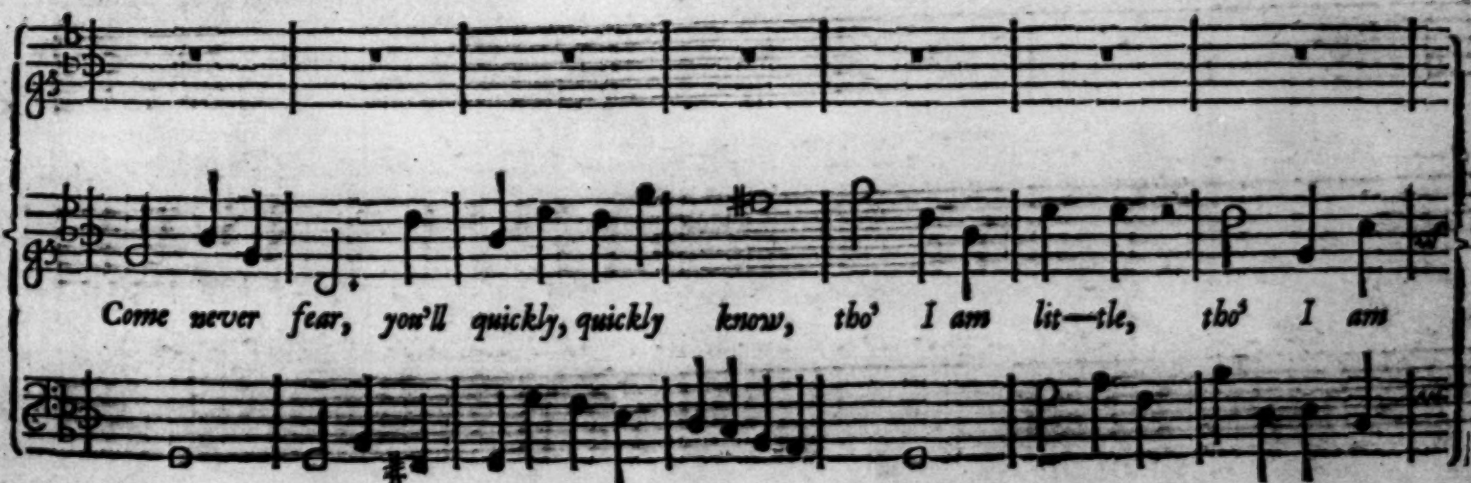


be quiet, be quiet, or I'll call my Mother: Mother!
 prithee, prithee let me take an nother; Nay, prithee let me take an nother, prithee, prithee,



Mother! Be quiet or I'll call my Mother, what then?
 prithee, :: :: prithee let me take an nother Kiss, and then an nother, nother, nother, and an nother.

CHORUS.



Come never fear, you'll quickly, quickly know, tho' I am lit-tle, tho' I am

Sbe.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
 little soon, soon I'll grow. Let us go, you'll find it so, let us go, let us go you'll

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, Ob! No, no, no,
 find it so; Let us go, let us go, let us go you'll find it so, let us go, let us go you'll find it so;

no, no; Ob! no, no, no.
 let us go let us go you'll find it so.